

JOHNSTOWN'S WOE.

Heartless Tollers Amid the Debris of the Ruined City.

Fearful Heat Adds to the Horror and Peril of the Situation.

Fifty Newly Discovered Dead Bodies Buried To-Day.

A Score of Thieving Loafers Drummed Out of the Town.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
JOHNSTOWN, Pa., June 10.—The State of Pennsylvania will formally take charge of this beleaguered valley on Wednesday, and the money of the State of Pennsylvania will ultimately pay for the work of reducing the chaos of the past ten days to order.

UNDER MARTIAL LAW.
The valley will be practically under martial law, if not formally, and the regiments of the State Militia will take turns in camp here. That is the result, as given out, of a conference held between Gov. Beaver, Provisional Mayor Scott, Adj. Gen. Hastings and Vice-President Frank Thompson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

ONLY SOLDIERS CAN REMAIN.
The Sheriff's special constables and the special policemen will be dismissed, and for at least three months the homey but very, very



Military blue uniforms of the Pennsylvania citizen soldiery, which formed such a feature of the Washington Centennial parade in New York April 30, will prevail in this valley of desolation.

LOAN OF A MILLION.
A fund of \$1,000,000 will be taken from the State Treasury for the work of clearing up the valley and restoring it to a condition for the resumption of private business, but this sum will be but a loan, given on bonds which will be secured by well-known Philadelphia and New York business houses, and relief—relief that is not further already upon this demoralized and discouraged people—must continue to come from the hearts and pockets of generous fellow men and women of the land.

There was a big meeting at which Gov. Beaver, Col. Schoonmaker and Messrs. William McCree, S. S. Marvin, H. J. Connelley, W. H. Ford, J. B. Scott, Thomas M. King, M. McCoy, Capt. W. R. Jones, Adj. Gen. Hastings, Reuben Miller and Stuart McCree, candied spoke and a general discussion occurred.

GOV. BEAVER'S 200.
Chairman McCree said it was about time the Relief Committee was reorganized, and that the work of removing the debris, and Gov. Beaver said that 200 men were ready to become responsible for \$5,000 each for the work, and that he already had \$250,000 in his hands to be used as soon as a bond could be prepared for these 200 sureties. A committee of seven will be appointed to superintend the work.

DIVINE SERVICE IN THE VALLEY.
Sunday had its observance even in this distracted town. Fragments of families that once made up large and prosperous congregations gathered here and there among the ruins, in the open air, and yielded themselves to the unseen power of heaven.

There were few women and children left to participate, and Rev. Dr. Beall, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, surrounded by about one hundred of his flock found occasion to fervently thank God with tear-bedecked cheeks that not every one had been swept away.

At each of the meetings some practical man addressed the little gathering and encouraged them with information as to the work last week. The furnaces are all right, and we are cleaning up things at the mills as rapidly as possible. We shall help our poor fellows to get back their homes, too.

ANOTHER FIND OF BODIES.
Fifty-eight newly recovered bodies are being buried to-day, nearly fifty of which were found in the Stony creek into which they had been forced when the stone bridge blackened the torrent.

THOUSANDS IN HIS POCKETS.
Among the bodies was that of Undertaker Charles Kimple. In one of his pockets was a wallet containing \$3,000.

FEARFUL HEAT.
To-day is terribly hot, and workmen are exhausted by the foul odors of the debris and the effect of the brick-burning fires on every hand.

BAKERS READY TO START.
Three bakeries have been unearthed and cleaned out, and bakers are awaiting from Pittsburgh. The supply of flour is plentiful, and other necessities are still on hand at the supply stores.

THIEVES DRUMMED OUT OF TOWN.
Vandal broke into and robbed two of the supply houses last night, and this morning a score of thieves and suspicious characters were arrested and put in the guard-house were drummed out of town.

FRAUD ON THE BREAD-GIVERS.
Bread is plentiful. One man was found to have obtained nine sacks of flour and other stuff enough for three months by false representations.

THE TALE OF THE LOST.
More than 21,000 survivors have registered, but it is idle to make any attempt to say how

AN ASTORIN TROUBLE

John Jacob, Cigar-maker, Fourth Cousin and Poor Relation.

His Wife Dies of Poison Under Remarkable Circumstances.

Eight Hours He Left Her Lying in Agony Without Calling a Physician.

A remarkable case of poisoning is being investigated by Coroner Levy to-day in connection with the death of Mrs. Thora Astor, of 418 East Sixteenth street.

John Jacob Astor, the husband, who is a swarthy little cigar-maker, tells a somewhat queer story.

He says Mrs. Astor swallowed a dose of Paris green on Saturday night and died yesterday morning. She had a nervous attack on Saturday and she seemed to be out of her head.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening he stepped outside in the yard, and when he returned Mrs. Astor was lying upon the bed in agony. She vomited freely, and he says he offered to get a physician, but that his wife objected and he obeyed her.

He retired and went to sleep. At a few minutes before 4 o'clock yesterday morning he was awakened by sounds of heavy breathing and found his wife gasping for breath.

He summoned Dr. Schayer, of Sixteenth street, but when the physician arrived the woman was past all medical assistance. To an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning he said that he thought his wife's suicide was due to despondency.

He claims to be a relative of the wealthy Astor family. He came to this country from Waldorf, Baden, Germany, in 1862, and was married in 1865, the day on which President Lincoln died.

For a time he kept a cigar store, but business became poor, and he was forced to retire and obtain a situation in a cigar factory and there he has been working for the past ten years. Of late he has not been making more than \$6.50 or \$7 per week and his wife frequently found fault with him.

The city directory gives his name as John Astor, cigar-maker, but he claims that it should be John Jacob Astor.

He came to this country with the present generation of Astors, said he this morning. "My grandfather was first cousin to John Jacob Astor, who died in 1848."

In reply to questions the old man said that he called at the house of John Jacob Astor on Fifth avenue in 1862, soon after he arrived. The rich man spoke kindly to him and advised him to go to work.

The evidence before the Committee has never been published and its details are known to very few outside of the Committee. Dr. Schayer, however, is shown by a copy of Sullivan had been water-washed.

Dr. Cronin preserved a full record of the proceedings, together with notes on the testimony of various witnesses.

This he left in the charge of one of his friends and it will be brought out to show the motive for Dr. Cronin's assassination. In fact, it is said, he was not in the city at the time.

Another class of evidence, which it is said, will soon be brought out in the investigation is in relation to the proof furnished by Dr. Cronin before the Committee.

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IS HE IN CAMP 96?

Police Looking for a High Official in the Clan-na-Gael.

Martinsen Gives a Fine Clue to Dr. Cronin's Murderer.

A Big, Red-Faced, Dark-Mustached Chicagoan Gave Him His Orders.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
CHICAGO, June 10.—The police authorities believe that they have struck a hot trail in their search for the murderers of Dr. Cronin.

The discovery of Hakan Martinson, the expressman, who was employed by the conspirators to cart the furniture to the Carlson cottage, where the butchery took place, is regarded as the most important incident of the investigation thus far.

In fact, they believe that the testimony of Martinson, who will be put upon the witness stand, will furnish the key to the situation.

Martinsen is a young Swede who was employed by a red-faced mustachioed to, and the load of furniture, which he took from No. 117 Clark street, consisted of a bed, bureau, washstand, several chairs and a large velvet trunk. He was paid \$1.50 for the job.

He says that two men hired him; one, large and powerful, with a dark mustache and a very red face, and the other smaller.

Martinsen said that he saw the larger man of the two, but he could not positively identify him. But the smaller one is not so sure of it. He has seen the former several times since the murder of Dr. Cronin on the street, the last time about three weeks ago.

Both men acted very mysteriously when he went to get the furniture and they would not allow him to enter the rooms at 117 Clark street.

The police have been keeping this discovery very quiet and it was only accidentally that it got out. At the fact that he will testify to is not at present known beyond those stated.

It is rumored that he has already identified the larger man as being the same as the man who was seen at the house of Dr. Cronin on the night of the murder.

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2 O'CLOCK.

TOM BURNS IS OUT.

And Wants No Police Help to Settle Scores with Jim Poole.

The Doctors Gave Him Up, but He Walked Out of the Hospital.

He Makes No Complaint, but Jim Is Held on Police-Man Donovan's Charge.

Jim Poole, a cousin of Bill, the famous American who died with his boots on in 1855, met Tom Burns on Mott street last night and shot him in the neck.

He aimed the shot at Mr. Burns's heart, but the latter escaped it by falling off a plank on which he had been sitting.

The big bullet crashed through a store window across the street, but fortunately struck no one.

Mr. Poole put his gun in his pocket then and walked calmly away until he heard some one running after him.

He jerked his pistol out again and wheeled around to find Policeman Donovan, of the Mulberry street squad, in hot pursuit of him.

He aimed his revolver and pointed it at Officer Donovan, who promptly jumped behind a wagon "to get my own pistol out," he says.

Before he found his gun, however, Mr. Poole walked into his mother's house, at 162 Mott street, and disappeared.

Poole's brother John is one of the squad at the Mulberry street station, and he promised Capt. Meakin that his brother would "show up" before daylight and he did.

Jim walked into the Mulberry street station shortly after 1 o'clock this morning in company with another brother named Bartholomew, who is at the head of a large mercantile house on Beekman street.

Jim is a good-looking, well-dressed fellow, and he said to the Sergeant on duty: "I didn't want my brother Jack to get into any trouble on my account, so I thought I'd drop around and give myself up."

He was accommodated with a cell.

Mr. Burns, after being shot, was carried into a drug store and laid on the floor.

Dr. Driscoll, a good-looking girl, knelt beside him and tried to staunch the flow of blood from the gaping wound in his neck.

Even though he had received a mortal wound and a number of his pals crowded into the drug store to bid him good-by.

One by one they stooped down and wrung his hand, while his girl held his head in her lap.

"Good-by, Tom," was said to him a dozen times.

He replied invariably: "Good-by. If I go under promise me you will go Jim Poole."

"See that I get well till I find the bus, and then I'll be back in my own skin. I'll see that he follows me soon," and there was a pleading wail in Tommy's voice.

The promise he made was solemnly given by the friends who were gathered around him.

THE MYSTERY OF A \$20 BILL.

Mrs. McCarthy, of 216 West Twenty-seventh street, who is charged by Mrs. Catherine O'Dea, a grocery-store keeper at 217 in the same street, with passing a bad twenty-dollar bill on her, was before Justice Gorman in the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning.

Mrs. McCarthy was adjudged guilty of larceny and held in \$200 bail for trial.

This is probably one of the queerest cases that has ever come before a police magistrate, and it will probably go down into history as "the mystery of the twenty-dollar bill."

On May 29 Florence McCarthy, who works in Cary & Moon's steel wire factory, at 284 West Twenty-ninth street, came home with \$33.20 weeks' wages. He handed his mother a twenty-dollar bill to pay her house.

Moore's mother immediately went over to Mrs. McCarthy's grocery store and settled the account of a little over \$6, receiving in change over \$15.

Two days afterward Mrs. O'Dea sent the bill back having discovered, by tendering it to her, that it was a Confederate States of America note.

The McCarthy mother and son, denied giving the bill and the mother's arrest followed.

The McCarthy secured Counselor Joe Stewart to defend them, and he began this morning by cross-questioning Mrs. O'Dea.

"On the evening of May 29, Mrs. McCarthy came to me and paid her bill with this twenty-dollar note. She has been in the store for me for the last two years, and I didn't examine it closely. I simply looked at the corner, saw the denomination and gave her \$15 and some cents change."

"On Friday I gave the bill to the baker, and he said it was bad. It was the only twenty-dollar bill I have received in some time. He said he got it from Mrs. McCarthy. So I sent it back."

In reply to the lawyer's question, she said that she had the note in her pocket for two days, and at night, under her pillow, so none of her family could have changed it without her knowing it.

"Mrs. O'Dea, her son, testified as follows: 'Mother said that Mrs. McCarthy had given her a bad bill and asked me to go over and return it. When I got to her house, Florence, her son, was asleep on the sofa. 'Did you give my mother this bill?' I asked of Mrs. McCarthy. 'I did,' she replied. 'This is the same of it?' I asked. 'Yes, I know it by the hole in the centre of it,' she answered. 'Just then her son woke up, and, jumping up, said: 'What's all about?' 'Your mother gave my mother a bad bill, and we want a good one for it,' I replied. 'She didn't give you that bill,' he said. 'Well, we want a good one for it or we'll get it from Mrs. McCarthy. So I sent it back.'"

Mrs. McCarthy then took the stand and swore that the bill appended to the court papers was not the bill which she gave to Mrs. O'Dea.

"It was an old bill, but not as old as that, and it wasn't torn," she said.

Mrs. McCarthy cannot read or write, and her attorney, unable of giving a definite description of the money.

Florence, her son, said that he knew the difference between a Confederate and a United States money and that the bill produced was not the one he gave his mother.

"That one had a yellow back," he said, "and it was torn. It was the only one I saw. Both he and his mother deny that the latter identified the bill."

All the parties concerned appear to be confused in their declarations. Bunchy sales in every line of Mrs. O'Dea's and her son's face, and Mrs. McCarthy and her son appear to be equally sincere.

Mrs. McCarthy was bailed out. She is seventy years old.

OFF FOR A FORTY DAY'S CRUISE.
Inspector Williams left this morning at 10 o'clock from the foot of East Twenty-third street on his yacht Eleanor. He was accompanied by his son, his nephew, and his brother.

They will go direct to the Canadian coast, visiting Nova Scotia, and will be away about a month.

A tugboat hired by the captains in his district, with a band of music and a personal friend, accompanied the yacht as far as Greenwich, Conn., and Doctor Lison with his new yacht, Mist, also accompanied the Inspector.

HUMIDITY'S VISIT.

Sergt. Dunn Says It Will Be of Short Duration.

Warmer This Morning Than It Has Been for Six Years.

We Are Likely to Have Some Pretty High Winds.

"Old humidity is with us again, but not for a long visit," So said Sergt. Dunn, of the Signal Service Bureau, after casting the horoscope of the weather from his observatory in the top of the Equitable Building this morning.

The only thing which will keep the mercury down to-day is the prevailing cloudiness.

Otherwise it would probably overtop yesterday's record of 83 degrees by half a dozen or more notches.

Gothamites ought to be thankful for this, although they are having hard work to keep cool under existing circumstances.

Loose flannel shirts, baggy linen suits that resembled pajamas, limp collars, flabby handkerchiefs and fans were plentiful all along lower Broadway during the early part of the forenoon.

A lot of men who tried to walk down to their places of business from uptown gave up before they had gone a half dozen blocks; several who tried to stick it out were taken to the hospital by fits by the time they reached the Post-Office.

A crowd gathered around the thermometer in front of Hudson's and breathed on it so persistently that the red fluid began to take flying jumps toward the top of the scale.

Two lawyers who had unbaited their vests and taken off their collars got into an elevator in the Equitable Building this morning mopping their perspiring brows.

Said one of them to the elevator man jocosely: "Is this warm?" "Oh, come off; don't spring it on me again; it makes me feel sick," was the rejoinder.

The lawyer collapsed. "This ought to be the hottest day yet," said Sergt. Dunn.

It started in at 74 this morning, which is the highest since 1883 for this day of the month. On June 10, 1883, the temperature got up to 86 degrees.

The highest temperature recorded for June for eighteen years is 96 degrees, on June 30 last. The hottest place in the Northern States this morning is Northfield, Vt., where it is 76, and the coolest place is Grand Haven, Mich., where it registered 44 degrees at 8 o'clock.

At 7 o'clock, Albany 74 and Oswego 74. At Point Jupiter, Fla., it is 82.

"The storm centre which was over the lake region yesterday has moved over the line of the State today, because there is a vast difference in temperature on the two sides of Lake Ontario."

"On the north it is 82 and on the south it is 74."

"These conditions are very favorable to severe local storms of the cyclone variety," Oswego has already had a heavy rain storm, and they may continue all along the border line into New England."

CUSTOM-HOUSE SHAKE-UPS.
The discharge of John J. Fallon, Superintendent of assistant weighers' laborers, was announced this morning at the Custom-House.

The following appointments were also made public: Jacob Kaiser, as a messenger, at a salary of \$840 per annum, vice John Brophy, resigned, and H. C. Dowley, as an usher, at a salary of \$840 per annum, vice Francis Smith, resigned.

Two Bodies Found in the River.
The body of an unknown man, thirty-five years old, was found this morning in the North River at the foot of Franklin street. It was sent to the Morgue.

The body of an unknown man, twenty-four years old, was found this morning in the North River at the foot of West street. It was also taken to the Morgue.

BASEBALL STANDING THIS MORNING.

The League.

Winn. Lost. Pct. Boston 25 14 .643 Chicago 23 15 .605 New York 22 16 .579 Philadelphia 21 17 .556 St. Louis 20 18 .526 Cincinnati 19 19 .500

American Association.
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Atlantic Association.
Winn. Lost. Pct. Jersey City 21 17 .556 Newark 20 18 .526 Hartford 19 19 .500 Worcester 18 20 .476

One Year Ago To-Day.
LEAGUE. Winn. Lost. Pct. Chicago 20 13 .606 Boston 19 14 .571 New York 18 15 .545 Philadelphia 17 16 .514 St. Louis 16 17 .481 Cincinnati 15 18 .455

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Boston vs. New York at St. George. Pittsburgh at Cleveland. Indianapolis at Chicago.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.
Louisville at Brooklyn. Kansas City vs. Athletics at Philadelphia. Columbus at Cincinnati. St. Louis at Baltimore.

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Jersey City at New York. Hartford at Worcester. Worcester at Hartford.

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